

In the fall of 1983 – it felt like the end of an era, perhaps it was – the manual workers of McGill halfheartedly joined their fraternal unions in the other Quebec universities in what had now become a sort of annual national rite. This autumn song, then, seems the appropriate kind of note on which to conclude in retirement this farrago of faint melodies from that unheroic and hardly distant past. (*Over the Hill: Disasters of a Poetaster or The Senator's Revenge*, pp. 40-41))

Autumn Song

*As I gaily roll along
Let me sing my autumn song –*

*Sing the theme of all things spinning
As the earth spins round the sun;
Everybody losing, winning,
'Til the wheel of life has done;*

*Turns the leaf, and turns the year –
(Turn some heads as on I sing)
Round goes rumor, round goes beer,
Round and round goes everything;*

*And round again, like death and taxes,
Like some child upon its bike,
Spinning slowly on its axis
Comes this year's rotating strike.*

John K. Harley